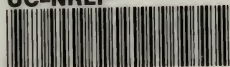


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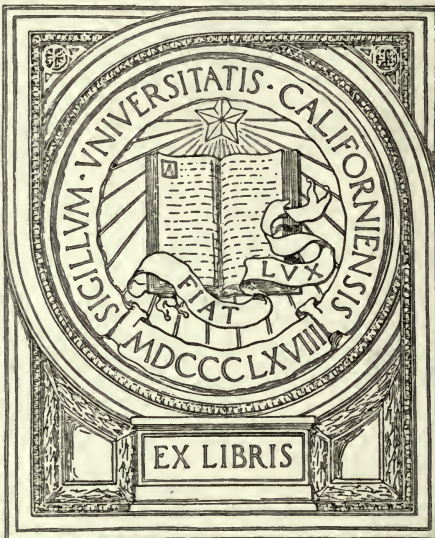
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ORATION AND POEM
—
CLASS OF 1864

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Harvard University

CLASS OF 1864.



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In memoriam
Isaac Flagg
1843-1931

THE CHRISTIAN ORDER OF NOBILITY.

A

S E R M O N

PREACHED IN THE APPLETON CHAPEL,

JUNE 19, 1864,

BEING THE SUNDAY BEFORE THE VALEDICTORY EXERCISES
OF THE SENIOR CLASS,

By ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D.,

PLUMMER PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

S E R M O N .

“What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.” —
JOHN xiii. 7.

JESUS had just been performing a menial office for his disciples, — had washed their feet as they were about to sit down at the paschal supper, — a service usually performed before supper by a hireling or a slave. Peter objects to being thus served by his Master, and says, in earnest deprecation, “Lord, dost thou wash my feet?” Jesus replies, “What I do thou knowest not now, — thou canst not yet comprehend the significance of this act of mine; but thou wilt know in after time, and wilt deem it thy highest privilege and joy to do likewise.”

This act of Christ was a revolutionary act. It was utterly opposed to pre-existing notions, and was designed to subvert them. There lived not then the man who knew what it meant; there are thousands upon thousands now who live only to embody its meaning. It then seemed servile; it now seems regal. Peter then felt that he could never stoop so low; the Peters of our time — earnest, aspiring, energetic disciples — feel that they can never rise so high.

In fine, this act of Jesus established a new style and order of nobility, — that of the great servants. Before, greatness had for its aim and token the acquisition or appropriation of wealth, title, power, service, or whatever else might be the foremost object of desire; and the greatest man was he who

could most efficiently make others tributary to himself. Since, greatness has had for its aim and token self-privation, self-renunciation, the bestowment of all that one has and is for the good of his brethren ; and he is the greatest who has the largest, the most affluent nature to spend and sacrifice for his race, and the most fervent desire to coin his whole being into uses and services.

A moment's reflection will show you how entirely, in this respect, Jesus has made all things new, though the renovation has been slow. Review the series of prolonged and extended wars from the dawn of history almost to our own time, and you can recall as identified with each of them, and thus transmitted to enduring fame, certain names of heroes — manslayers, besiegers of cities, master-destroyers — for whose behoof no less than for whose praise armies have been sacrificed and countries laid waste. Who were the heroes of the Crimean War, — for its magnitude, its darings, its endurings, its brilliant and disastrous epochs, one of the most eventful wars in all history ? Can you recall their names without a painful effort of recollection ? Is there one among those names that will be transmitted as illustrious even to the next generation ? But that war has its heroine, who has borne off all its laurels, — the founder of the sisterhood of mercy, the tenderly nurtured woman who went forth, in the spirit of the world's Redeemer, to save and to bless, whose name was floated heavenward on the thanks and praises of those ready to perish, and is written for ever and ever in the brightness of the firmament on high.

In the conflict into which we have been forced, though there are those of the fallen and of the surviving who will be held in reverent and grateful memory, will live in history, and be deemed great in coming ages, they have their glory, not as destroyers, but as preservers, — not for what they sought, but for what they sacrificed, — not as soldiers, but as patriots, — not because they were commanders, leaders, office-bearers, but because they made themselves the very chief of

servants. Yet even their exalted fame will be rivalled, if not transcended, by that of the ministering angels in camp and battle-field and hospital, whose offices of pure evangelic mercy have wooed back hope for those from whom hope seemed fled forever, have soothed the agony of ebbing life with all of a mother's tenderness, and borne up to heaven on the strong prayer of faith the spirits of the dying.

Can there be a better lesson than our text suggests for those who claim our special interest to-day? You, my friends, go hence, one and all, I trust, with a generous ambition,—with the desire, not to supplant, but to excel,—not to snatch prizes from others, but to win and wear honor in careers on which none can fail who do not deserve to fail. Such is the career opened by our Saviour, and hallowed by his footprints,—that of great servants. It is a field of endeavor in which there is no unfriendly emulation, in which there is room for all, need of all, glory for all, conscious and almost always manifest reward and blessedness on earth, and at the gate of heaven the greeting, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Let me now ask your attention to some of the services due from the educated men of our age and land.

I. As educated men, you are bound to commend liberal tastes and pursuits by the grace and beauty of your own characters. Learning may be made repulsive or attractive, according as it is merely received by the intellect and lodged in the memory, or digested, assimilated, and utilized. In the former case, it is neither culture, knowledge, nor wisdom; and there have been prodigies of learning who have been at the same time prodigies of boorishness, ignorance, and folly, nuisances and stumbling-blocks in the paths of erudition, fungous excrescences upon the surface of the society which ought to have been adorned by the flowering and nourished by the fruitage of their genius.

Some men take in learning beyond their capacity of stow-

age, and it lumbers and clogs the mental passages, impedes the processes of the intellect, dulls the discernment, makes the mind heavy and slow, and in its separate items is never at hand when needed, but tumbles from the pen or the lips out of shape, out of place, out of season. Learned men of this order — the Bentleys and Porsons — are the reproach and scandal of scholarship. They are so far out of gearing with the living world, that their attainments can hardly be made to subserve any important office in the progress of knowledge, literature, or science. At the same time, their moral development is generally as ungraceful and faulty as their style of intellectual character. Conscious of large attainments, painfully aware that they are unappreciated, and wholly ignorant of the reasons why they forfeit the favor of society, they become morose and surly ; they present a porcupine aspect to the surrounding world, and are very Ishmaelites in their relations to their fellow-men.

But learning, made one's own by the vigorous action of the reflective powers, enters into the soul's life-blood ; softens and sweetens the manners ; refines and exalts the tastes ; imparts weight and dignity to the character ; makes the speech pure, rich, and strong ; fits the scholar for his life-work by his conversance with the root and essence of things ; inspires him with equal prudence and vigor in action ; gives aim and end to his endeavor ; and places him in kindly and beneficent relations with all around him.

Learning, thus incorporated into the being, is second only to religion as a moral force. It makes its possessor modest and humble ; for he owns and feels its limits and its imperfections, and in the desire and effort for larger attainments he regards himself as but a learner and a novice in the ratio of his advancement and proficiency. At the same time, these lofty pursuits can hardly fail so to occupy thought, sentiment, and feeling as to exclude low passions and appetites, sordid avarice and mean ambition, and to make the life sober, chaste, generous, and faithful.

Such scholars you are called to be. Remember that it is not mass of acquisition, but quantity of character, that you need, — not learning, but wisdom ; and learning, only that it may be transmuted into wisdom, — dead tongues, that they may give grace and flexibility to your living speech, — history, that it may furnish precedents, examples, warnings, for the time in which your lot is cast, — the philosophy of mind, that you may know yourselves and use your powers, — natural science, that God's creation around you may speak to you in a known language, — mathematical laws and proportions, that you may read the Divine ordinances in earth and sea and sky and stars.

By such culture you make yourselves among the very chief of servants. You commend good learning by your example. Your higher life is a perpetual protest against the low, grovelling utilitarianism which is the curse and bane of the age. You draw ingenuous youth to the elevation on which you stand. You show that liberal pursuits minister to strength and beauty, to the highest type of manhood, to the power that both uses and overcomes the world.

II. I would next speak of your duty, as educated men, to your country. Some of you have already obeyed the call to her active service, and will be graduated with double honors in arts and arms. I am reminded, too, and with saddened thought, that not all have returned, that you have laid your costly, precious sacrifice on the altar of patriotism; and that death in the cause so dear and sacred leaves only cherished memories of the gifted, beloved, and tenderly lamented, whose unseen presence deepens the solemnity of your parting hour. So long as the country still needs for her defence those who are her pride and hope, I can only bid a fervent God-speed to such of you as may serve her in the camp and field. But she has other — I will not say higher, but more enduring — claims on those who should be her leading minds. There lies before us a work of reconstruction, in which you must bear your part.

Strained to the utmost tension in the stress of need, our body politic may find itself, in victory even, collapsed and nerveless. We shall retire from the conflict a reunited people, I trust, through the good providence of God, but with our industrial, commercial, and financial interests disordered and deranged, and not without many of those demoralizing influences which follow in the train even of the most necessary and righteous war. It will be your part, in your several spheres of service, to study the public good ; to be vigilant and energetic as citizens ; to weigh well the measures which may be helped or hindered by your action ; to aid in the elevation of capable, just, God-fearing men to places of trust and power ; to give the whole weight of your example in behalf of the frugality which alone can restore what war has wasted, the temperance and soberness which alone can commend our people to the blessing of Heaven, the integrity and loyalty in public and private life which alone can transmit the blessedness of our free institutions to the coming age, and make them the cynosure of liberty to all lands and nations.

In the positions which most or all of you will occupy, you must have wide and enduring influence. Your passiveness and indifference as citizens will paralyze action around you. Your self-seeking and time-serving will corrupt public opinion in a larger sphere than you mean or know. Your pure and conscientious discharge of every function that may devolve upon you, whether of suffrage, speech, pen, or official station, will multiply and extend itself, not only among those with whom you are intimately associated, but from numerous centres of influence which lie within your respective circles. It is a responsibility which you cannot evade or disown, and which will grow constantly with every stage of your success and advancement. God has given you your nurture under the best government the world has ever seen ; thank him for it by such patriotic service and devotion as only the highly privileged can render.

III. Including all other services, and essential to their consistency and their effectual working, is the service demanded of you in the religious consecration of your hearts and lives. On you as scholars religion has peculiar claims.

It might be pardoned to those who are constantly occupied with the most paltry material interests, if there were not in them a sufficiently clear spiritual self-consciousness to commend to their contemplation themes appertaining to the inward life. It would be venial, too, if those unused to reasoning or to research, incapable of following fallacy or sophistry through its windings, were bejuggled and bewildered by the assumptions and the casuistry of infidelity or naturalism, if a sneer against the Bible sometimes had with them the force of an argument, if some cavil at an obscure Old Testament narrative seemed to them destructive of the entire historical basis of Christianity.

But you have no such apology. You have been trained in the use of argument,—in the exercise of reason. You know, or can know, how to search into the evidences of the Christian faith; to test the strength of its foundations; to judge of the marks of Divine or human workmanship in its superstructure; to determine for yourselves whether it bears tokens of fraud or truth, of delusion or reality, of myth or miracle, of development from man's brain or of revelation from the infinite God, of earthly or of heavenly parentage. You have no right to remain in doubt. If thorough investigation make you unbelievers, I judge you not; but if you become so by reading, hearing, and speculating on the negative side, and ignoring all that may be urged in the affirmative, you do with the most momentous of all subjects what you would not risk your reputation by doing with any other subject, however insignificant in magnitude or ephemeral in interest. But I have no fear for the result of honest inquiry. If Christianity be divine, it cannot fail to vindicate its divinity to every diligent seeker after the truth.

You, too, as educated men, live not on the low sensual

plane on which persons destitute of culture must habitually dwell. Yours is, or ought to be, a life of thought, sentiment, reflection. And can there be any apology for excluding or slighting those noblest themes of thought that belong to the essence, the Author, the destiny of your being, — those highest sentiments that appertain to the realm of spiritual existence, — those loftiest subjects of reflection which embrace the infinite and the eternal? No. Your culture makes these contemplations your duty no less than your privilege. If Christianity is God-born, you, by remaining aliens from its faith and joy, are at once rejecting God's best gifts, and pouring scorn on the Giver.

But while for your own sake I cannot urge these sacred themes too earnestly upon your regard, they equally belong to you as the trained chief servants of your generation. Remember that the excellence of your service depends even more on what you are than on what you do; — on the mass and momentum of your mental, moral, spiritual life; on the capacity of influence with which your person, your words, your deeds are charged; on the power there is in you; on the virtue that goes forth from you. But Christian piety alone can give the crowning grace to your character, can place you beyond reach of temptation, can attach weight to your precept, dignity and sacredness to your example. You put your soul, your moral nature, such as it is, into whatever you are, and say, and do. If that soul be sensualized, materialized; conversant with earthly things alone, your best intended endeavors for the good of others are limited by the limitations of your own being. If that soul be enlarged, exalted, hallowed by heavenly communings, by the life of God within, then is there a "power from on high," — an efficacy literally Divine, — not only in what you say and do expressly for others, but in the mere example of quiet, faithful, persistent duty. You cannot be what God and Christ would have you be, without being among the very chief of servants to your fellow-men.

But because as educated men you will occupy conspicuous places, your irreligion, your infidelity, your neglect of sacred times and ordinances, will be contagious. Sneers and scoffs at Divine truth from your lips will find ready currency. Loose notions as to religion or its records will have from you an authority which minds of inferior culture could never command. You are set, if not for the rise, for the falling of many; and to the full measure of your superior privileges must you be responsible for the souls that will often owe to you their noblest or their basest impulses, their initial starting and their vigorous progress on the path to God, or on the way of death.

“For their sakes,” said Jesus, “I sanctify myself.” “For their sakes,” — for the sake of the many, the constantly widening circle, to whom you may be the source of the holiest influences, — sanctify yourselves, that in the resurrection-life there may be those who will say to you, “Ye helped us hither,” and who will be as jewels in the crown of your eternal rejoicing.

My friends, receive these counsels as the heart-offering of one who speaks to you lovingly and hopefully, — of one, too, whose years have their authority, — who has followed with the warmest sympathy successive circles of youth that have been under his charge into the scenes of their maturer cares and trusts, and who speaks of what he knows, testifies of what he has seen, in the solemn emphasis with which he commends Christian faith and piety as essential to the loyal, faithful, efficient service of man, and of God in and through man.

I feel a peculiar nearness of intimacy with you. You and I commenced our college life together; and you can hardly know how solicitously I have watched the development and growth of character in those who here first came under my instruction, and compared each stage of the fulfilment with the hope and promise that you severally gave at the outset.

I cannot but recall, as our parting approaches, him under whose presidency you entered on your academic career. It

was the joy of his life and the beauty of his character, to be among the very chief of servants. No one illustrated more fully and richly than he the beneficent influence, the extended and cumulative power for good, at the command of the Christian scholar. You will carry hence with you precious memories of his genial spirit, his meek wisdom, his wealth of intellect, his persistent firmness in the right. Let us be thankful that the dead live for our example, and speak for our counsel, though we see them no more till we meet them in heaven.

My friends, take with you my congratulations on all the honor that you have worthily won, on all the prophecy of worth and honor that you bear with you from these walls to the world-wide university in which your training is now to be pursued ; and my most affectionate wishes for your well-being and well-doing. May God bless you and keep you. May he make you his servants for great and enduring good in and far beyond your day and generation. May he write your names together in his book of life eternal ; and while we shall never all again renew our Sabbath worship in the same earthly sanctuary, may none be wanting in our united praise and worship in the temple not made with hands.

BACCALAUREATE HYMN.

BY ISAAC HOWARD PAGE.

TUNE, — Pleyel's Hymn.

FATHER, thou hast led us on
O'er a long, eventful way ;
Now, as near the end we stand,
Hear us while to Thee we pray.

Thanks for thy unbounded love ;
For our sins a sorrow deep ;
O forgive, and evermore
Help us in thy ways to keep.

In the war of earthly life
Help us bravely, nobly fight ;
Warm our hearts with holy love ;
Guide us by thy perfect light.

May we, now so soon to part,
When the voyage of life is o'er,
Meet, beyond the stormy sea,
On the peaceful, happy shore.

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES,

JUNE 24, 1864.

Order of Exercises.

I.

Music.

II.

Prayer.

By REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D.

III.

Oration.

By GEORGE CALLENDER BRACKETT,
OF SOMERVILLE.

IV.

Music.

V.

Poem.

By ISAAC FLAGG,
OF SOMERVILLE.

VI.

Ode.

By CHARLES HENRY COXE,
OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

ORATION.

BY GEORGE CALLENDER BRACKETT.

IN the narrow, crowded streets of the Indian cities, toiling patiently day after day, sit at their simple handlooms the weavers of the costly shawls which serve to ornament our Western civilization. Slow is the labor, and slowly grows its product, till under the skilful hand what was at first but a confused heap of wool becomes the gorgeous fabric of bright colors, lending grace and ornament to royalty itself. Not only is it woof and warp the humble weaver sees, but in his finished work lie the joys and sorrows of a lifetime, which with each separate thread were woven in, and the shawl, which to us speaks of luxury and wealth, to one better acquainted with its language tells a tale of life wasting slowly away, of crushed hopes and a nameless grave.

The life of these Hindoo weavers is symbolic of the life of every man, live he where or how he may. The infant, when he first comes into the world, takes his place at the loom he finds prepared for him, and patiently works in the morning and in the evening, till his hand no more knows its cunning to produce the pattern which his life has set before it. Day by day the shuttle flies, and day by day a new thread is added; now one of gold, to cast its radiance and charm of beauty over the whole design; now one of black, which spreads its effect no less upon the fabric some day to be hung up and examined as the result of his life's work. For gloomy black, and gleaming gold, and every other color and texture

which we weave into our work, will tell our story as it tells its own, and, all taken together, they shall serve as patterns to other workers and weavers, who shall occupy our places, and in their turn furnish patterns for the long train who shall succeed them. Who shall say how far the design we leave behind us shall assist these future laborers? Yes, for the black line which tells of duties unperformed, of sins committed, as well as the golden thread, shall serve them in their labors. The mariner watches with no less eagerness for the sound of the wave-tost fog-bell and the gleam of the beacon lamp that warns him of the rocky coast, than he looks for the welcoming light of the friendly town, foretelling the harbor and safe anchorage. And we, in our strivings and desires for perfection, depend no less upon the errors and misdeeds of our predecessors and our friends, than we do upon the example which their acts of virtue and heroism present. Can we say that what success we have achieved is due less to our neighbor's failings than to the excellences of his performance? Had we no errors, we could look for no progress; it is by our shortcomings that we are led to more active exertions for improvement, and only by the milestones of our youthful faults can we measure our advance in the path of virtue.

George Washington, the patriot, and Benedict Arnold, the traitor, are the two names most opposed to each other in our struggle for national existence; yet different as they are, the life of either placed in a boy's hand would lead to the same result,—a devotion to the right, a hatred for the wrong, a deeper and more reverent love for our native land. Thus the evil of the past works hand in hand with the good, and the optimist gathers flowers from the selfsame branch where the pessimist finds only thorns.

But we, who have been also weaving for the past twenty years, ought already to begin to display the dim foreshadowing of the result of our work, or we may indeed fear lest the work and worker have both been wasted, and the produce of

our labor be of value to teach others only to shun our errors, not to copy our success. And for the last four years we have worked steadily side by side, gathering our threads from the same mass of material, and with the same patterns placed before us to assist us in our labor. From to-day this is to be so no more ; but before we go our various ways, it will do us good and strengthen us for the future, if we review our work, and study well the lesson which each thread may give. This work is our own, and we have a right to claim as ours whatever good it may present, as well as whatever failure we may see. This work is our own, but our own as everything else which we may claim as ours. We are masters of circumstance, but circumstance is master, too, of us. Action and reaction are ever equal in the world of mind as in the material universe, and while we assert our right as free agents, we ought also to render to the bright examples set before us their rightful part in the progress which these years have seen.

Gratefully would we remember all whose lives and influence have served to guide and cheer us. Of the many men who have stood where we stand to-day, and who have gone to fight the fight in which we are to join,—ay, and who have fought it well, shedding new glory on the dear Mother whose arms we leave to-day,—there is no one but will gladly render his meed of gratitude to those whose patient labor served to make him strong for the contest, whose hands helped to gird on the armor, and whose voice to guide him to victory. Nor can *we* find a time more fitting, nor a more appropriate place to bear our witness and to testify to our appreciation, than now and here.

To few classes in a four years' course does it fall to render thanks and gratitude to three presiding officers. We did not stand in person under the ministrations of that venerable man whose children for the last ten years have risen in this place and called him blessed ; but his mantle descended on that scholar and that gentleman whose genial way and kindly interest in us we still remember, and who was always ready

to cheer us with his sympathy and assist us with his counsel, as we essayed to walk in our new and untried path. But on our third return to College, the call was given, "Come up higher," and new fields of labor received our guide and friend. The year that followed we shall ever look back upon with pleasure, for it taught us to love the childlike simplicity of character, the gentle earnestness, the unselfish devotion to duty, that marked its flight. The office claimed our respect, but the man claimed our love, and both respect and love were rendered freely and gladly; gladly, that such an opportunity was given us to feel it; freely, because it could not be withheld. But again there came a change, and as time and occasion have taught us to recognize the firm will which holds its steady way, the wise judgment which guides, and the strength of purpose which shall gain the goal at which it aims, we see that wisdom watched over and directed the choice. With these bright and shining examples placed before our eyes, if we fail to profit by their teachings both by word and deed, ours and not theirs is the fault; if to the years of action now before us we bring not their earnestness of character, let them know to-day that the responsibility of our failure lies with us. And as we render them our thanks, we would with them remember all our instructors, to whom we owe whatever advance we have made in their respective departments. Though the seed fell often on what seemed stony ground, in good time it shall bear abundant harvest. Gratefully we remember them to-day in our words; in the future, our actions, showing in our practice the influence of their example, shall speak our gratitude.

But this is not all that these years have given us. We stand to-day, as it were, between two worlds, and as through the mind of the drowning man passes every thought and memory of his past life, so over our minds now comes the remembrance of events long forgotten, of the thoughts and actions which in these four years have made up our life. Each one was woven into our work, and to-day reappears as

clear and bright as when it was our present. College friendships! — No! they are not wholly of the life that is closing. Whatever we take with us to our new life, our friends shall never leave us. Were the warm hearts which have beat with ours, the hands which we have clasped in friendship, and the voices which have answered to our own, to vanish with the sunlight of to-day, they might almost as well have never been. However rocky may be the path we are to tread, however hard the work to which we put our hands, the thought of the friends by whose side we have worked, the friends who still are working by our sides, shall strengthen our hands with renewed vigor, and make them mightier for the contest. Ah! why speak of that, when we know that the greatest sorrow we shall take with us from these walls is the knowledge that never again, after to-day, shall we stand together an unbroken band.

But from the many thronging memories, what shall we choose to speak of? Where every thought is pleasant, it is hard to make selection. The pleasant evening chat, when the day's work was done, and, gathered round the comfortable hearth, the song and jest went round from lip to lip; the spring rambles to the haunts of the first early blossom, and where the last flower braved the frosty autumn winds; the dreary winter mornings, when, poor sleepy wights! roused by the stern voice of duty, shouting out her summons from the neighboring belfry, we trudged through sleet and snow, or under "the cold light of stars," to the chapel services; the mornings drearier still, when, having turned a deaf ear to duty's voice, some kind classmate roused us in time for the morning recitation, and, half waked, reckless, and breakfastless, we turned our course to University Hall, too apt on such occasions to symbolize the life of man, marching but from our cradle to our grave; the hours spent in the swift wherry on "the winding Charles"; and best of all, our club meetings, where we met, and welded still stronger the bonds of friendship which before drew us together; — these all come freshly

before our minds to-day, and each is pleasant to recall, though some were bitter to experience. Nay, our very reprimands and privates wear a pleasing aspect, seen through the glamour which the past spreads over them, and our publics — how could we regret them, when each one, as it came, but put us more strongly in mind of our loved Sixty-Four?

But other sadder memories arise before us. There are many who have stood among us in our College course who stand among us no more. It is but fitting that to-day we send them a hearty God-speed, wherever they may be. Far and wide are they scattered, who in these years have clasped our hands, and walked by our side along these familiar paths. Our Class List tells us that, of the one hundred and forty-four who have been of our number, to-day but ninety-six stand together. Where the waters of the Mexican Gulf beat upon the Texan reefs, where the unshackled Mississippi bears along his whole course the nation's flag; in the mountains of Tennessee, on the Carolina swamps, on the Virginian plains, wherever the national forces stand, there stand our brothers of the Class of Sixty-Four. And as we think of them, perhaps this moment standing in the very front of battle, let us think tenderly and reverently of those who have dared all, and have done all, who answered "Adsum" to the call of duty, and sealed their offering with their blood.

There stands none among us who has not, since the blast of the battle-bugle first rang through the land, seen the best and the bravest of his boyhood's friends gird on the sword, and stand to strike his blow and do his part for freedom and his native land. And happy may he count himself, if the shadow of the death-angel's wing has not struck across the bond of friendship, and left him to write with trembling hand and bleeding heart against the young renown the motto of the noble knight of old, — "*Without fear and without reproach.*"

And as a Class, too, we have been called upon to make the great sacrifice, and the remembrance of Abbott and of

Chapin, of Hedges and of Thurston, is the most sacred of all our College years have given us. And within the past week the summons has again been sent, and the funeral bells that perhaps even now are pealing his dirge, and the martial music that is sounding forth his requiem, tell us that the name of the young and well-beloved Birney has been added to the list of those whom we have loved and honored, and who have been accepted as our offering on the altar of our country. Many are the lessons we have learned within these walls, but the purest and the most enduring of them all is that which a good life, crowned by a noble death, has taught. How great must be the value of what is purchased at so dear a price!

“ But, O *Fatherland* that we love so well,
Shall the future’s annals, shuddering, tell
It was all in vain that our heroes fell ?

“ We give them up at thy bitter cry ;
We speak no word when they go to die ;
Is it Freedom’s dawn that reddens the sky ?

“ O comrades, sleep well in your soldier’s bed, —
Your *HERO* sleep in the fields of our dead :
We know who watches overhead.”

And with the memory of our soldier brothers, of those who have passed on, and these who still are here, let a word be given to those who, when duty seemed divided against duty, chose what they thought the better part, and left our side. Where they are we know not, but we know that with many the choice was made with tears and sorrow, and we believe that with them all the head, and not the heart, was wrong. Who can weigh the power of early associations, and the strength of childhood’s ties and education ? It behooves us to think with tenderness of their misfortunes, and to thank God that we were spared the trial which proved too strong for them. Have we been so true to duty when pleasure tempted us astray, that we can sit in judgment upon them,

who followed what they thought was right ? Let him who is without sin amongst us cast the first stone.

These are but a few of the many memories to-day recalls. Each one from a full heart can complete the list ; but it was fitting that these general interests should be thus specially remembered. But to-day presents a twofold aspect ; not only is it the close of the past, but also the beginning of the future, and in this view the lessons that it gives are even more important.

Among the many beautiful valleys which lie embosomed among New Hampshire's hills, there is none fairer than the one which holds the Saco in its protecting arms, when the stream, having left in his swift course the hamlet of Upper Bartlett, turns obliquely to the south, and flows through the intervalles of Conway. Mountain and valley, the fresh verdure of the meadow, and the dashing, foaming stream, combine to give at every moment some new beauty to charm the eye and please the mind. At the head of this valley, turning off from the usual line of travel, an old country road winds along the side and crest of what is called Thorn Hill. Take this road some summer morning, before the purple light of that mountain region throws its veil over the distant ranges, and, before you reach the summit, turn and view the scene that lies behind. The gleaming river winds its way along in alternate light and shadow ; the steeples of the village and the white houses, as they peep from behind the trees, dot the landscape, and the long range of Mote, with Chocorua looking over his shoulder on the right, and majestic Kearsarge upon the left, stretch their gray and weather-beaten sides far out on either hand, forming a worthy frame for the lovely picture they enclose. Note how distance has toned down the sharper colors, and softened by her magic touch what at a nearer view seemed rough and ungainly. It is a picture of beauty and strength combined, which returns to the mind again and again, and asserts its claim when far removed in time and space.

Now turn and cross the summit; the quiet beauty of the stream and valley has disappeared, but right in front, raising his glorious forehead to the morning air, king of a thousand hills, rises before you in one grand sweep the monarch of the realm, — Mount Washington. Along his sides, seamed and scarred by the battles of the elements, wind in light airy troops the pale phantoms of the mist, as they sweep around his summit; and, parting, disclose again the hoary head which has seen the stars pass over it since first they rolled their fiery chariots across the dome of heaven.

To-day we stand on that hill-top; even now we turn to cross it; behind us lies the valley of the past, which for the last time we have viewed together, and which in its quiet beauty shall often return to us, when the toils of life lie in our path. But before us rises in its calm majesty the mountain of our hopes, towards which we are to press, which we see clearly though so far removed, which in all our wanderings has been our aim, but which to-day we see, as we have never seen it before, grand and glorious in all its large proportions. Forward! no thought upon the past; the future claims us now, and in our onward course, though our road may lie through valleys where the sunlight never comes, where the trees hang thick with drops which constant showers bring, though the mist shall wrap us in its covering, and shadows lie thick across our path, forward! the mountain and pure sunlight are before us. Lower ridges come between us, — scale them! Beauty lies on every hand, — pause not! press on, and at the evening hour, baring our forehead to the eternal skies, we shall stand where nothing comes between us and the heavens. Various are the roads which we shall tread before our weary feet shall press the summit: what matter — so they all lead upwards! But here no carriage-road invites to a luxurious ascent; steep rocks and jagged cliffs, which only the strong hand, guided by the strong heart, shall conquer; mountain torrents, which foam and dash down dreadful chasms; ravines to cross, through which the wild wind roars,

and across which sweep the blinding clouds ; toil and danger on every hand, — who shall conquer these ? Only he whose spirit is strong within him, and who has faith that the goal he aims at is no wandering phantom, but a rock with its foundations deep-set in the earth, and enduring as the heavens.

God only knows what path we each shall choose, but in each one of us he has implanted the power to walk in that path wherever it may lead : whether we do so is for us to say. One thing let us remember, — that, the steeper and more difficult the road, the sooner is the summit gained. When the path lies level and easy before us, no progress towards the real end is made. Life is found in conflict alone. He who has never fought can never know the joy which victory alone can give. And we are ready for the fray. The muscles which in these years we have been practising shall show their strength in the blows that they shall give against the wrong. Hard blows ! Strong blows ! Never flinch ! The world has made progress since we entered it, and, by God's help, it shall through us make more before we leave it. What weapon shall we use ? Whatever comes ready to our hands. Or if the weapon fail us at our need, the strong right hand of an earnest man can leave its mark upon the world.

When, three years ago, the cry of danger sounded through our land, men did not wait because they had not what they would most like to give, but each one came, bringing what he first put his hand to, and no one came amiss. And that is what we are now to do. To batter down the sin and error of our age, every tool or weapon which from the ores we have been smelting we shall forge upon the anvil of the present shall find its fitting work. Some of us will shape the cunning pen, which from the merchant's desk, the lawyer's office, or from the study of the clergyman, shall wield its potent influence to bless or ban. Some will forge the ploughshare and the pruning-hook, and seek the duties and the pleasures of a farmer's life. The teacher, the physician,

the mechanic, each will shape his necessary implement and use it in his daily toil. And some will forge the gleaming sword, and take their stand side by side with the many hundreds who have hung among the peaceful laurels on our College walls the trophies and the flags which, soiled by the dust of many a battle-field, tell that, in war as well as in the peaceful walks of life, where death is the reward, as well as where life's choicest prizes hang before our grasp, the sons of Harvard are never found wanting in all that goes to make up the man and the gentleman, the true-hearted warrior and the honored patriot.

Let no one cast slurs upon the more retired walk of life another one may choose. The marble which the school-boy holds within his hand is, in its way, perfect as the grand planet, who with his attendant satellites sweeps through the infinite void, and joins the choral song of the morning stars. It is no matter what our toil may be, so we work with all the strength of our hands and the cunning of our brain, so we leave the world richer when we bid it farewell than when we entered it, so we have helped on the great progress of the age.

O my classmates! O my brothers! this is no common time when we are called to the more active work of life. The waves that have beat against the rock on which our country stands, still howl and dash to hurl her from her strong foundation. Next to our duty to our God stands the claim our country has. To her we owe whatever we most prize and have,—our homes, our memories, our hopes. To her we must give whatever we most prize and have,—our past, our present, and our future. The sacrifices she demands are not always to be offered on the battle-field. They are not the only patriots and heroes who go to do her battles; but whoever speaks a word in the defence of her cherished institutions, whoever stands to answer the malignant sneer, the covert allusion, which betray the mind too cowardly to stand openly for what it thinks the right, but small enough

and mean enough to add to its country's troubles in the hour of her anguish, by traducing the motives, the intentions, and the actions of her defenders in the capital and in the field, — they, too, are doing their part in the great work the age has given to this nation. Whether high or low, whether short or long, life is our own to make of it what we will. Not only on the battle-field, or where the tossing vessel seals the hostile port, does our country claim our help ; not only now, in the hour of her peril and her danger, but at home, and for our whole life long, however long we live, and wherever our duty calls us, our duty to America is always to be performed. Not only is the sword to defend her from injury, but the pen from insult ; and the heart and the life are to guard her from danger and raise her to her own among the nations ; and when she stands, as stand she will, regenerated and with the light of freedom shining on her forehead, it shall be ours to say, We, too, have done our part to free our native land.

And so, with the light shining cheerily upon our path, we go to take our place among the workers of the world. A place awaits each one of us ; this we must fill, or none. There is no lesson the truth of which we are so sure to learn, as that we can never escape our work, turn we where we will. When we think that we have most cunningly avoided it, and most congratulate ourselves on our success, lo ! right in front of us it stands, and looks us face to face with pitiless and stony gaze. There can be no avoidance of our work : it must be met and conquered ; and the sooner we set ourselves to the task, the more easily is the work completed.

Then up, with a strong hand and a resolute will to the toil. Strengthen the purpose with all the failures of the past ; encourage it by all the prospects of the future, — but never falter.

By all the memories of these College days, now hastening so swiftly to their close, by the strong ties of friendship we have formed within these walls, by the bright examples of faithfulness to duty placed before our eyes, by our love of

country and our love of God, let us so acquit ourselves, that, when our history as a Class is ended, some hand shall write upon the opening leaf of the class-book of the Class of Sixty-Four: "These are they who, whether before the world or in retired walks of life, sought not their own renown, but, taking right and duty as their guides, fought the good fight till they were called to their reward. These are they whom their countrymen delighted to honor, and whom their Alma Mater has enrolled among the not least honored of her sons."



P O E M .

BY ISAAC FLAGG.

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion.”

FAR through the deepening shadows of the Past
With wondering silence we direct our gaze,
To penetrate the gloomy clouds that cast
Their dimness round the scenes of ancient days,
Beyond that shadowy distance to review
The deeds that rolling centuries have wrought,
An hundred lives within a single thought,
The Old and Dead beside the living New.

The worn and faded chronicles of old
Their legendary histories reveal,
And from the ruins of the Past unfold
The grandeur that forgetful years conceal,
And they who lived before those ruins fell
Repeat instruction to our listening ear,
Command Oblivion's shades to disappear,
And to our minds its buried secrets tell.

Each towering city's walls resist in vain
Relentless Time, but fall before his might
Who scatters desolation o'er the plain,
Where monuments of glory reared their height ;
The thoughts of men dread not his wasting power,
That from the Spirit never dying spring,
Themselves immortal, and its influence bring
From distant ages to the present hour.

No death feel they, but live forever on, —
 On through the course of swiftly transient years ;
 Live when bright Memory's lingering light is gone,
 Live in our lives, evoke our smiles and tears ;
 Departed cities rest in sleep profound,
 Nor doth a voice the mournful stillness break,
 Until reviving words of heroes wake
 Resounding echoes from the silent ground.

While the long-buried Past unfolds to view
 The changes that destructive Time has made,
 Deserted waste where mighty empires grew,
 And shining marble low in ruin laid, —
 Let no dark cloud of sadness dim the eye,
 Because earth's beauteous structures pass away,
 For, like the silent star's unvarying way,
 The human spirit shall all change defy.

Through every age the same the human mind
 In every feature still unchanged remains,
 To cheerful aspiration still inclined,
 However doomed to disappointment's pains ;
 Love of the beautiful and good is there,
 Ambition, valor, friendship, faith, and praise,
 Undying hope through sorrow's darkest days,
 And gentle patience under wasting care.

Upon these later days the rising Truth
 Has dawned in beauty o'er the mind and heart,
 Fulfilled the promise of its hopeful youth,
 Shedding the light that Christian words impart ;
 Yet ancient reverence has not passed away,
 But still retains its power within us all,
 And still the feelings of our hearts recall
 Long lost religions of the ancient day.

For if perchance the fancy should essay
 To imitate the bards of olden fame,
 In forms divine our feelings to array,
 And lend each passion's power a living name ;

New forms and names for every hope and fear
 The mythic song of ancient Greece could yield,
 And in men's souls her deities concealed
 Born to another life would reappear.

In that famed land of Greece, across the sea,
 Where poetry and learning had their home,
 Whose rocky shores the waters rough and free
 Still beat with dashing waves of briny foam ;
 Mysterious deities and forms divine
 Peopled the tangled woods and mountains gray,
 The vales where winding rivers rolled their way,
 The slopes where grew the purple-clustered vine.

There Pan, the sylvan god of herds and flocks,
 With cloven foot traversed the fertile ground,
 Rehearsed his music to the echoing rocks,
 Till forests bent their heads to catch the sound ;
 There dwelt on rising hill and mountain glade,
 Guarding the groves that shaded city towers,
 The sister Nymphs among the woodland flowers,
 To whom the Greeks their solemn worship paid.

And under every fountain's falling spray
 Some Naiad had her watery dwelling-place,
 Who rose to greet the traveller on his way,
 Or cheered the huntsman from the tiresome chase ;
 In her remembered name the fount received
 A gift of thankfulness and grateful prayer
 From all who found refreshing coolness there,
 And all whose pain her sparkling waves relieved.

From deep concealment in the knotted oak
 Were gentle Dryads' rustling voices heard,
 Who oft within the dark-green foliage spoke,
 When by the breeze the trembling branches stirred,
 And various were the words they seemed to say,
 Joyful before the summer days had passed,
 But sighing mournfully when autumn's blast
 Their dry and withered leaves had swept away.

And we at Nature's altar offer praise
 To sacred Nymphs and Dryads of our own,
 Who haunt the lost scenes of our early days,
 Whence all but these fair guardians now have flown ;
 Within the firefly's spark their watch-lights burn
 Through sultry evening, and their music floats
 Upon the sad cicada's plaintive notes,
 That bid forgotten hours again return.

When the lone huntsman hears his rifle ring,
 Reverberating o'er the wood-bound lake,
 Till neighboring mountains back its echoes fling,
 And startled birds in fear their nests forsake ;
 He finds the deities of Nature there,
 He hears their voices through the rustling pines,
 From rocky caverns clad in clambering vines,
 He feels their light breath on the wavering air.

Wandering 'mid Helicon's luxuriant shade,
 Or in the cool retreats of Hæmus' vale,
 Where the bright buds of summer latest fade,
 Where rivulet and fountain never fail ;
 The Muses cherished poetry and song,
 Whose melody, from Grecian mountains heard,
 The souls of men with inspiration stirred,
 As o'er the winding slopes it swept along.

When fierce oppression crushed their favorite land,
 The Muses sung on Grecian hills no more,
 When in the chains of slavery drooped the hand
 That hurled the Persian from the Attic shore ;
 But those inspiring strains they still renew
 Wherever timid Freedom finds a home ;
 And through our rugged Northern woods they roam,
 Where the dusk Indian launched his bark canoe.

With sweet harmonious voice the Muses speak,
 Soothing despondent hearts by hopes of rest,
 No suppliant can in vain their favor seek,
 Who offer comfort to the mourning breast ;

Through trumpet call and strains of martial bands,
 They cheer the soldier on against his foe,
 And for his painful victories bestow
 The laurels from a grateful nation's hands.

In ruin rest the Grecian temples now,
 And statues of the gods of costly stone,
 Their towering mansion on Olympus' brow
 Amid the sombre cloud is left alone ;
 Yet all the Olympian gods are reigning still,
 Their glory still unmindfully we praise,
 And, reverencing their majesty, we raise
 Temples to satisfy their sovereign will.

Our fathers founded learning's temples here,
 Where colleges throughout our land arise,
 The starting-point of youthful life's career,
 Where future greatness all unconscious lies ;
 Herein Minerva, Queen of Wisdom, reigns,
 Accepting worship from the mind of youth,
 For whom she points the way to sacred Truth,
 Turning their steps from Error's dark domains.

These walls Minerva's presence makes divine,
 She claims these aged structures as her own,
 And all who bow sincere before her shrine
 Shall tread a path with wreaths of honor strown ;
 As through the honor of this sacred name
 The light of ancient Athens is renewed,
 Wherefrom Athena's warlike statue viewed
 The distant ships that heralded her fame.

But here, where learning's goddess rules supreme,
 Still other ancient deities are found,
 Who, like the phantoms in a fleeting dream,
 Diffuse a magic influence around,
 Enticing youth to worship at their shrines,
 To crown their altars with luxurious flowers,
 Claiming the services of idle hours
 When studiousness for relaxation pines.

Perchance, at times, within the College walls,
 The far-famed Bacchus of the clustering vine
 Attends a scene of revel, that recalls
 Those Bacchanalian worshippers of wine,
 Who once on stern Cithæron's thorny heights
 Offered their furious song and frantic prayer,
 With hideous music through the darkened air
 Marring the stillness of autumnal nights.

Often by clouds of curling, circling smoke
 That lift a fragrant incense on their fumes,
 His worshippers assemble to invoke
 The sooty Vulcan to their jovial rooms,
 And laughter irrepressible goes up
 'Mid mirthful story, jest, and merry song,
 As here from hand to hand are passed along
 The social pipe of peace and foaming cup.

The wingéd Mercury, whose wisdom brought
 Gymnastics to the earliest men of earth,
 Whose form of strength and manly beauty taught
 What healthful sport and exercise are worth,
 May here his youthful votaries behold
 Upon the wide Gymnasium's polished floor,
 Renewing feats that centuries before
 Nerved the hard muscles of the men of old.

At eve, embarking in swift-sailing boats,
 They glide along the river's sinuous length,
 Beside the shell old Neptune's chariot floats,
 Who pours through youthful veins exultant strength ;
 Under low-arching bridge with glancing oar
 They pass beyond the quiet river's tide,
 Until on Ocean's heaving swell they ride
 Beneath the shadows of a city's shore.

Apollo, lover of the mountain lyre, .
 The first who tuned its lightly quivering strings,
 Here leads the voices of a Glee-ful choir,
 Whose harmony in loud accord-ance rings ;

And his awakening spirit bids arise
 The melody of sweet Pierian strains,
 Until his harp its former joy regains, —
 The joy it knew beneath the Grecian skies.

And Ceres, goddess of the golden grain,
 To whom the Greeks mysterious homage paid,
 From Athens leading forth a stately train
 With torchlight flickering through the olive shade,
 Her Eleusinian mysteries resumes,

And weekly rites demand her guardian care,
 When jocund chorus strikes the evening air
 Emerging from the "Hasty-Pudding" rooms.

But all these guardian spirits love to meet
 The dear assemblage of this honored day,
 With welcome all our fairest friends to greet,
 And add their presence to the bright array;
 Their fitting forms arrest my wandering eye,
 The airy Graces, and the white-robed Hours,
 Venus adorned with June's abundant flowers,
 And Zephyrs fanning Beauty as they fly.

Now may their gracious influence
 Gently on you, O friends, descending,
 Be to you safety and defence,
 All ill forefending,
 Lighting your lifetime's varied flight,
 Like moonbeams through the clouds of night.

And even as we welcome you,
 Look well on us who now forever
 To Alma Mater bid adieu,
 Adieu forever,
 Leaving her broad wing's sheltering care,
 To spread our pinions on the air.

While we, O classmates, undertake
 To speak concerning this transition,
 Looking behind where old scenes break
 Upon our vision,

As the young eagles turn their eye,
When from the aerie first they fly.

O Cambridge, list to our adieu,
City of "thoroughgoing" flatness,
We sigh for four years more with you,
We sigh with sadness,
Your scenes shall o'er our memories creep, —
Of herds and circumambient sheep.

Your chimes will vibrate in our ears
When we are old, in future ages,
Your memory will move us to tears
When East-wind rages,
Warm thoughts of you will brightly glow,
When furious April snow-storms blow.

Now yon secluded College green
To our departing words must listen,
Where shady waving elms are seen,
Whose bright leaves glisten
Above familiar College halls,
And rustle round their ancient walls.

In weather-beaten brick arrayed
Long have those buildings pressed their bases,
For centuries have they surveyed
Each other's faces,
Turning toward the street their backs
On cattle-dusted railroad tracks.

Thus the new hall so late erected,
After judicious hesitation,
With sterling sense at last selected
A fixed location,
That truthful face turned to the others
Its more experienced elder brothers.

O classmates, in those brick-bound halls
Together have we kept our dwelling;
How many thoughts their name recalls
Old love compelling,

Their look such confidence assures,
 "Who wonders that we come out boors"?

Their spacious rooms have been our homes,
 Light feet have trod those "dingy entries,"
 Where the untrammelled spider roams,
 And fears no sentries;
 Whatever Abigails may think,
 We would not have them painted pink!

From one brick edifice the bell
 Proclaims commands of early rising,
 The woful tales its *tongue* might tell
 Would sound surprising,
 That voice to students yet unborn
 Shall usher in the *welcome* morn.

Within this building with a bell
 The Muse of History has her station,
 Exhaustless, deep, pellucid well
 Of information.
 She drags old nobles from their graves,
 And bids *Britannia* rule the waves.

One lingering look let us bestow
 On Alchemy's dark laboratory,
 Where stalks the ghost of old Regnault,
 Diffusing glory
 Through that sepulchral pile of stones,
 Most fitly filled with dead men's bones.

'T was there the famous "*Spartan Band*"
 Did perpetrate their grand "*reaction*";
Reorganized their native land
 By force of faction,
 Until the ghost of old Regnault
 Shook like a corn-stalk with the blow.

Far more imposing powers than this,
 Which to all others bid defiance,

Reign in yon white stone edifice,
 Temple of science, —
 Wherein the learning of all ages
 Repeats itself in modern sages.

At the dead hour of Monday night,
 In synagogue by gaslight sitting,
 They legislate as seemeth right
 And most befitting ;
 They are the College's suspenders,
 To elevate or drop offenders.

There most divine Philosophy
 Maintains a lofty elevation,
 And Rhetoric abides close by
 Her near relation ;
 There, to instruct our youthful wits,
 The Hierarch of Concepts sits.

Above the other spiral stair
 Philology pours forth her glory,
 And classic voices whisper there
 Through ancient story,
 Voices whose tone to all who know them
 Is "*præter expectationem*."

Between the two sits Eloquence,
 And there preserves such wondrous stillness,
 That most perchance would argue hence
 Some serious illness :
 Fear not, 't is but her sleepy way, —
 She wakes on Exhibition Day.

Astronomy dwells in that hall, —
 That same white hall of shining granite ;
 She looks from this revolving ball
 To star and planet,
 And, swayed by their imperious force,
 She imitates their changeless course.

O Alchemy, Philosophy,
 Remorseless Logic, Saxon story,
 O Faculty, Philology,
 O Oratory,
 Impossible with one adieu
 To leave so numerous friends as you !

Reduce them all to Mathesis ;
 All science is in her united ;
 Through her mouth all may take one kiss,
 And none be slighted ;
 Ah ! thus may we accomplish this ;
 Adieu to all in Mathesis !

Still further scenes might we review, —
 A multitude too vast to mention ;
 In memory they spring up anew,
 Call new attention, —
 Till these four years appear to be
 A *præterite* eternity.

But the long Future still remains,
 Whose dark “ extension ” gathers o’er us ;
 Whose dim “ unquantified ” domains
 Expand before us ;
 Vainly we strain our eager gaze
 Into the gloom of coming days.

O thou obscure Futurity !
 Answer a few interrogations,
 About our public destiny
 Or home relations :
 Who first shall hear his baby snore
Rocked to the tune of Sixty-Four ?

Who first shall take his station there
 Where learned judges are the actors,
 And *bonds for keeping peace* declare
 To malefactors, —
 Even suspension to pronounce
 Worse than his own in College once ?

Perchance to one of us has Fate
 Reserved the imperial elevation ;
 Where he may grasp the helm of state
 To steer the nation,
 And hither send his *eldest son*
 As his own father once had done !

Who first shall gird his armor on,
 Inspired by martial resolution,
 Life, love, and honor staked upon
 The Constitution ;
 To rally round the stripes and stars,
 And show their colors in his scars ?

Let the eventful Past reveal
 What the Future would conceal !
 On the Delta's grassy ground,
 Once a fierce vociferous sound
 Floating on the breezes came
 From the annual football game.
 But four fleeting years ago,
 Fate had struck the football low ;
 Buried sadly 'neath the sod,
 Where contending classes trod,
 Planted deep the grass beneath,
 Like the Theban dragon's teeth,
 Whence a bristling warrior band
 Thrust their spears above the land.
 Autumn winds had ceased to blow,
 Spring had melted winter snow ;
 Lo the same strange fruit had grown,
 Where the football seed was sown !
 Men in warlike ranks arrayed,
 Arms of pointed steel displayed ;
 List to words that may proclaim
 Whence such wondrous harvest came !

Long had Minerva, Queen of Wisdom, found
 Her highest happiness in quiet learning ;

Mildly she dealt the gifts of Peace around ;
 Upon her altar peaceful flame was burning.
 Useless now seemed the shield and spear
 Which anciently her valor trusted ;
 Her sword, undrawn from year to year,
 Within its sheath had rusted,
 So she seemed to heed no more
 The warlike mail she wore ; —
 When sudden bells pealed forth united sound,
 And unseen armies started from the ground,
 Whose new-born soldiers at their leader's call
 Passed on to strike lest Freedom's home should fall ;
 Then from its sheath her blade the goddess drew,
 And near its sheen her eye with ardor glistened ;
 Forgotten words of war she breathed anew,
 Addressing us, her children, as we listened : —

"This shield and sword were of old my weapons of fame,
 Which taught that wisdom from warlike achievements came,
 When my glory shone forth in peace and in battle the same :
 Again am I Pallas for whom the Athenians bled ;
 Go hence to the field, and remember the words I have said, —
 Remember, all wisdom is gone whence Freedom is fled !"

How many hearkened to those words of truth,
 Remember we, O classmates, one and all,
 Who left behind fair scenes beloved by youth,
 In answer to a suffering country's call ;
 The dangers to withstand that might befall
 On distant Southern battle-field, away
 Where terrors rise in visions to appall
 The veterans of many a conflict's day,
 More terrible to youth, which liveth to be gay.

There have they toiled amid the strife of war,
 And some returning thence, our welcome heard ;
 Perchance again that cause to join wherefor
 They strove with ardor by its summons stirred ;
 While some — would that my voice knew not the word —

Found living honor there but mixed with death,
 Which changeless fate forbid should be deferred,
 Yielding to hostile air the silent breath,
 From home's dear sights afar, where no friend listeneth.

When oft had they the wind's low whisper heard,
 At night-watch sigh through unfamiliar trees,
 On memory's wing their hopeful thoughts recurred
 Hither, where waving elms bend to a breeze,
 Through which not yet offended Nature sees
 Her children's steel against her bosom turned ;
 And thus they loved their lonely hours to please,
 With us their heart, their eye where camp-fires burned,
 Nor knew they how in vain, for all in vain they yearned.

In many a home the tears of sorrow flow
 From friends who weep through silent hours of night ;
 Where Grief has hung her dismal weeds of woe,
 And Hope has vanished from the mourner's sight.
 O that our words could but restore the light
 That changed to darkness when our classmates fell !
 Then once again should saddened eyes grow bright,
 To read what monumental stone shall tell
 Their names, who passed away so young and yet so well.

But were there no sad absence to lament,
 If every well-remembered face were here,
 Yet, when our College day is nearly spent,
 Its twilight shades might well demand a tear,
 To mourn the ending of a day so dear.
 Now farewell words display their solemn power,
 To wake forgotten scenes that reappear
 With new attractions at the parting hour,
 When o'er the brightest spots the darkest shadows lower.

Thus while the summer of the wandering year
 Unites the smiles of life on earth and sky,
 Of all the radiant days that linger here
 These seem the brightest as their moments fly ; —
 Yet when mild summer's breath has hurried by,

And icy storms from arctic regions blow,
The beam of cheerfulness still lights our eye,
Though what we loved before lies dead below,
Enwrapt in chilly wreaths of earth-enshrouding snow.

'T is when the withering autumn sighs farewell,
Then all lament for summer's dying day,
When the sad murmurs of the wind foretell
A sure destruction to the green array ; —
Too soon must our wide wandering footsteps stray,
Scattered like autumn leaves that wild gales blow ;
Nor will our parting sorrows fade away,
Till cold forgetfulness has spread its snow,
Concealing youthful friendship's wasted form below.

CLASS ODE.

BY CHARLES HENRY COXE.

I.

THE day of our parting, its hope, its regret,
Find our thoughts going over the years
Too endeared by our brotherhood e'er to forget,
And their memory softens yet cheers ;
For they tell us of comrades whose lot was to fall
In the Right's bitter struggle with Wrong,
And days, happy days, they light up and recall,
To yield all their joy to our song.

II.

And we turn from the days we have left in the past
To question the days still to be,
In the trust that our love shall endure to the last
For the Truth and, dear Mother, for thee.
Thou hast nurtured us, given us strength to achieve,—
Be our purposes holy and high,
And our work too well done e'er to wish to retrieve
When our pilgrimage sees the end nigh.

III.

Be thy blessing upon us, to cheer, to inspire
In the service where Duty commands,
To enkindle our zeal with a holier fire,
To impart a new might to our hands.

Yes, our pride as thy sons shall incite us through life,
None the less in our trouble and pain ;
We shall press with fresh vigor, wherever the strife,
If thine be the honor we gain.

IV.

And the summons is sounding that bids us away
To fields where is loss, where is gain ;
There to strive, with a purpose, made firmer each day,
For the peace we may some time attain.
Precious seed bear we hence, which but sow we broadcast,
Be it either in joy or in tears,
We shall come, bringing sheaves with us, home at the last,
Redeemed from all sorrow and fears.

CLASS SONG.

By F. T. WASHBURN.

TUNE, — Russian National Air.

MEET we again for one more friendly greeting,
Grasp we each other once more by the hand,
Quickly, too quickly the moments are fleeting,
Broken and scattered must soon be our band.

Friends have we found here, whose friendship shall never
Cease till the current of life flow no more,
Seas may divide us, but ne'er shall they sever
Hearts that beat true to our own Sixty-Four.

Fondly we think on the place we are leaving,
Boldly we seek what the future may give,
Knowledge and strength we have here been receiving,
God grant us all that we know how to live.

Onward we'll march, then, with shoulder to shoulder,
Ready to meet all that life has in store,
Blood leaping quicker, and hearts beating bolder,
As we remember our dear Sixty-Four.

CLASS-DAY OFFICERS.

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Poet.

ISAAC FLAGG, *Somerville, Mass.*

Odist.

CHARLES HENRY COXE, *Philadelphia, Penn.*

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